

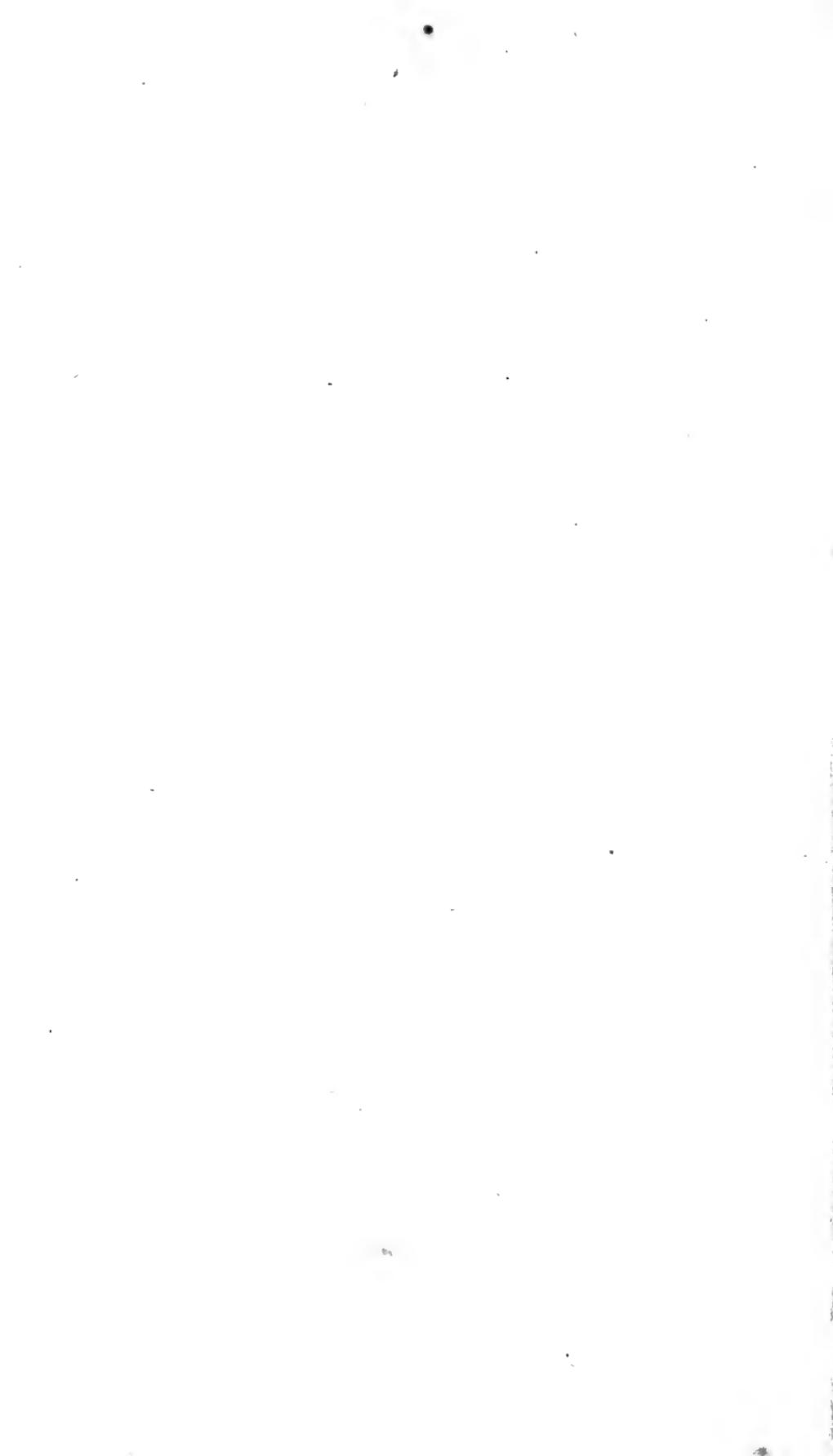
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BISHOP DOANE'S

FOURTH OF JULY ADDRESS.

M DCCC LIV.



¶ *Pluribus, Unum:*

THE ADDRESS,

AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE;

ON THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, AND EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INSTITUTION;

JULY 4, 1854:

BY

THE RIGHT REVEREND GEORGE W. DOANE, D. D., LL. D.

BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY,

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

5 BURLINGTON:

PRINTED AT THE GAZETTE OFFICE.

—
M DCCC LIV.

1854

AT a meeting of Trustees, and other friends, of Burlington College, held, immediately after the delivery of the Address, by the Bishop, Henry C. Carey, Esq., was called to the Chair. On motion of John S. Littell, Esq., it was unanimously *resolved*, That a Committee be appointed, to request, for publication, a copy of the Address of the Bishop. Whereupon, John S. Littell, Esq., Rev. D. Brown, Rev. R. S. Mason, D. D., Rev. F. Ogilby, and Nathan Thorp, Esq., were appointed. John Joseph Chetwood, Esq., rose and stated, that the Portrait of the first President of the College, which had been presented to the Alumni, by John S. Littell, Esq., at the last commencement, had been completed; with the following inscription:—

COLLEGIO BURLINGTONIENSI
ALMÆ DUORUM SUORUM FILIORUM MATRI
HANC PRIMI PRÆSIDIS G. W. DOANE. NEO-CLES. EPISC. EFFIGIEM
GRATI ANIMI MONUMENTUM
D. D. JOHANNES STOCKTON LITTELL,
III KAL. OCT.
ANNO SACRO M DCCC LIII.

He then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Trustees present, and other friends of Burlington College, unite in the expression of their grateful acknowledgements to the Hon. John S. Littell, for the beautiful full length Portrait of the President, presented to the Alumni, to be kept, by them for the Institution.

This having been unanimously adopted, the meeting adjourned, after an Ode, by the Hon. John S. Littell; a copy of which is subjoined.

The collation, in Junior Hall, which followed the speeches, was fully worthy of previous efforts, of the kind. The whole arrangement was under the charge of

HENRY O. CLAGETT, Chairman, }
AUG. M. KING, }
P. VOORHEES FINCH, }
T. GARDINER LITTELL, } *Com. of
Arrangements.*



The following Address was delivered to the President, in the morning, at his residence, in presence of the members of the twin Institutions, of St. Mary's Hall, and Burlington College, by G. H. McLaughlin, of the Senior Class.

Our Rt. Rev. President:

The birth-days of children are jubilees: eagerly, looked to; pleasantly remembered. Nor, as years advance, do they lose this interest; though less plainly manifest. Until we leave the world, the anniversary is connected with pleasing associations. It is thus with our Nation. We remember the day, which gave us birth. We rejoice at the recollection. Unlike the nations of Europe, we have a *distinct* birth-day; fresh, in the memory of each: with no dark cloud to sully it. We have hardly consigned, to earth, the last of the heroes, who smiled upon its dawn. We *are* but a child, as yet. And, as a child, we may make a jubilee, of our natal day. Glorious boyhood! Which has surpassed all maturer ages: and may look calmly down upon a warring world, holding, fast-barred, its own Janus' gates. May we, ever, keep that day, in view! May no foul curtain hide it from our hearts. While that remains undimmed, we will retain the vigour of youth.

The Fourth of July! A stirring sound! What people, on the Globe, can point to one day; and say, that, then, they made themselves a nation: then, they laid the foundations of freedom, for a World? We are a vain people. But, our vanity is not groundless. From a thousand platforms, in our Atlantic states, and a thousand stumps, in our Western wilds, will be heard, to day, evidences of this, our national trait. With such a field, for boasting, who could bridle his tongue? What people have so fine, so magnifieent, a country? Our tide of population rushes, with the year, along a line, of a thousand miles. We stand, the centre of the world: Europe, close linked, to our Eastern shores; Asia, adjoining our West. We have but to continue the progress of the last century,

to realize the wildest dreams of the visionary. Let, then, the politician harangue. We know ourselves. Let the envious sneer. We can pity their ignorance.

But, the day has an interest, peculiar to ourselves. It is a double birth-day: bound, by double ties; hallowed, by double associations. Eight years ago, on yonder knoll, was unfurled the Republican banner of Progress. There, it has waved, through calm, and through storm, undisturbed. May it wave on; a proud monument, when the tomb shall have claimed all, of its founder, that is mortal. America was made a nation, by the hardy sinews and liberal minds of our fathers. She was not long in establishing her rank, among the powers of earth. In the useful arts of life, the inventive Yankee, soon, held the pre-eminence. We rose, into a state, under the banner of Right and Justice. The enlightenment of our citizens accomplished the rest. But, the refinement of education must share in the refinement of the Freeman and the Christian. The mind must be cultivated, as well, by the love of Classic genius, as by the utilitarianism of a present age. This was the field, for men of mind. This has been, well, begun; this has been, nobly persevered in, by you, our honored President, so well fitted for the task. This has already given us our Scotts and our Canovas. While this, continued, has, yet, to give us our Miltons and our Shakspeares, our Newtons and our Bacons. This, above all, is to be the incomparable guardian of our liberty.

“ ‘Tis mind, alone, that keeps men free, forever.”

For this our College was established. Although, but eight years founded, it has, already, its representatives, in the ranks of the Church. Under your ably-guiding protection, it cannot but become one of the firmest supporters of our Church, and of our State.

I am chosen, by my fellow students, to express, to you, our Father, our reverence and our love. It is an old tale, often told. But, it does not wear, with time. The world knows, that we revere you. You feel and know, that we love you. This is, to us, a peculiarly pleasant anniversary. On many, previous, there has been something, to dampen our joy. Two years ago, we were mourning over the memory of the Great Dead. Our bright stars were dimmed;

weeping, over the tomb of their noblest supporter. When, last, we joyously, assembled, we were troubled, that the peace, of him, with whom we came to rejoice, was not left, undisturbed. Those unfriendly to you, had, yet, to witness the triumph of a virtuous mind. But, now, our sky is spotless. Now, are

"All the clouds, that lowered upon our House,
In the deep bosom of the ocean, buried."

I had, almost, said, that this day was untinged, by any shade of sadness. Would that it were, wholly, so! But, there is a sorrow, which casts its shadow, over all our hearts. There is a vacant place, at our head.* One kind smile is wanting, in our circle. Him, we knew, well; honored, much; loved, deeply. When we knew him, we must honor him. When we knew him, well, we could not but love him. He sleeps in Jesus. His epitaph is in all our hearts: "This was a man."

I can, only, reiterate the feelings, in which all, here, have enshrined your self-devoting self. As the bands, which you send, into the world, increase, you disseminate the hearts, which love, and the minds, which revere, you. Woman, in her noiseless, domestic, usefulness, "stretching out, from Home, like the rays of a beautiful star," will cherish your memory, the Pharos light of refinement and piety. Man, amid bustle and strife, will hold, in mind, the deeply inculcated lessons of honor and liberty. You have shown, to the world, that "Peace has her victories, no less than war."

May these Institutions long flourish, under your directing care. When they have outlived "the good, that did" them, may the hallowed associations of your name uphold them, in the cause, which they are pursuing.

* This allusion is to Professor Zehner, lately deceased.

BURLINGTON COLLEGE, INDEPENDENCE-DAY, 1854.

Right Rev. Sir,

We have been appointed, by the audience, present, during the delivery of your Address, this morning, at the College, to request, in their behalf, a copy for publication.

We earnestly hope, that you will comply with their wish in order that many of your friends, and theirs, who have been unable to participate in the festivities of a day, consecrated to National memories; and further, hallowed in their affections, as the birth-day of Burlington College, and one of those on which they have been accustomed to meet you, amid so many evidences of philanthropic achievement, may have the pleasure of reading, at their homes, what was heard, with so much edification, and satisfaction, here.

We are, Rt. Rev. Sir, your affectionate friends and servants,

JOHN S. LITTELL,
R. S. MASON,
DAVID BROWN,
F. OGILBY,
NATHAN THORP. } Committee.

To the Rt. Rev. G. W. Doane, D. D., LL. D., &c. &c.

ADDRESS.

Every body has heard of “the Gentleman’s Magazine,” which Edward Cave established, in London, in 1731 ; which has been edited, now, one hundred and twenty-three years, under the name of “Sylvanus Urban, Gentleman ;” and, for whose earlier pages, the great Samuel Johnson tasked his mighty mind. Perhaps, very few are aware, that the motto, on its earliest title page, is the motto of our republic. The first volume, “printed,” “at St. John’s Gate,” “London,” in 1631, is in, what was, once, my Library. The device, on the title page, is a hand, holding a bunch of flowers, tastefully disposed, and bound together. The motto, “E PLURIBUS UNUM.” I do not know, that the one use was suggested, by the other. It might have been. It is, at any rate, a curious co-incidence. In the Magazine, the allusion is, to its being made up of articles, “collected chiefly from the public papers.” In its national adaptation, it expresses, perfectly, the character of the Republic: one state, made up of many others ; in its most literal sense, *of several, ONE.*

It is to these simple words—*of several, ONE* ; E PLURIBUS, UNUM,—expressing, so perfectly, the nature of our great American Commonwealth : and setting forth, in it, a national system, such as the world has never seen, before ; and, which, beyond any, that

has ever been adopted, combines the elements of individual happiness and general prosperity, and gives them utmost life, extent, activity, and energy, that I invite your thoughts, to day. It is the day, to think them. They have special interest, to-day.

It was not left, for the blessed year, which gave a Constitution, to the thirteen United States of North America, to originate the idea of a confederated government. Leagues have been formed, and confederacies have sprung up, in every age. A page of this manuscript would not contain their several titles. You will find them, duly written, on the lengthening roll of history. But, they were all accidental. They were all partial. They were all imperfect. They have all been unsuccessful; and, so, transient. In no case, were they, “*UNUM*,” “*E PLURIBUS*;” *of several, ONE*: therefore, their failure. Either the severalty divided and dissolved the unity: or else, the unity absorbed and swallowed up the severalty.

In our case, mark the difference; and see, how perfectly, the framers of our Constitution met the great problem of a plural unit. Geographical position, the convenience of commerce, priority of occupation, the sympathies of neighborhood, had scattered, along the coast of the Atlantic, and in slight removes from it, the thirteen English Colonies, in America. When the oppressions of the government, “at home,” as, in their worst estate, they still affectionately termed it, had made endurance, possible, no longer; and they had dared and done, what freemen will, for freedom, they became the thirteen States: asserting, in the words of that immortal paper, which

you have heard, once more, to-day, "that the United Colonies are, and, of right, ought to be, free and independent States." This was in 1776; the year most memorable of all that are included in the Christian era. In two years more, "Articles of confederation and perpetual union;" were adopted. But, with the faintest promise of union and without the slightest prospect of perpetuity. The hasty compromise of men, engaged in a contest, for existence, with the most powerful nation of the world: as little fitted for the purposes of a great nation, as one of the frail barks, with which Columbus found America, for the bombardment of Cronstadt. And, yet, such was the spirit of the people, and such their determination to be free, that it bore them through the war of independence. The pressure of a great necessity removed, the imperfect arch was tottering, to fall in; when giant hands came to the rescue, and laid, with the mountain rocks of freedom, the cyclopean arches of the Constitution. I do not hesitate to call it, as Alexander Hamilton, before me, did, the greatest merely human work, on earth. Other governments have grown into greatness; have hardened into strength; have been compacted into solidity; have learned adaptedness, with time; and accommodated themselves, to their occasions, by the slow marches of a tentative experience. But, "the Constitution of the United States of America" was the work of less than half a year. And, while the lapse of seven and sixty years have called for no important change, the storms and calms, the peace and war, the prosperity and adversity, of, so near, three score years and ten,

have but ripened it into a richer excellence, and rooted it in a more enduring steadfastness, and won for it a deeper confidence, and established it in a more impregnable security. And, as I understand it—and I have been a teacher of the Constitution, now, for thirty years—the secret of all this is, what the motto of the Commonwealth expresses, **E PLURIBUS, UNUM;** *a one, made up of many.* If the whole country were a unit, it would have overgrown, long since, into dismemberment. If the thirteen, or the thirty-one, sovereignties, whose stars are floating, now, among the islands of the Eastern seas, and have just opened the primeval prisons of Japan, to civilization and Christianity, were several and separate, they would be powerless; and, so, contemptible: the bundle of rods, when the old man had unbound them, for his sons, to break. I spoke, just now, of the cyclopean arches of the Constitution. And I spoke advisedly. The Union is an arch, made up of arches. Whether it be thirteen, or thirty-one, can make no difference. The principle is the same. Magnitude does but strengthen, and pressure does but consolidate, it. No matter for how many, so the many be all one. The Plurality gives weight to the Unity: the Unity, compactness to the Plurality.

Let me dwell, for a brief space, on these two points, the counter checks of the Constitution; the equilibrium of the Union. “**E PLURIBUS UNUM.**” *The one must be made up of many.* The number, and the diversity of the States promote the strength and closeness of the Union. Were there but three, or five, it would be, almost, as if there were but one. It

was propitious to begin with as many as thirteen. That the number is much more than doubled, much more than doubles the resulting strength. The combinations of a lock increase its safety. The combinations of the Union are for the furtherance of its security. It is one, of many. So, with its geographical divisions. Climate, soil, original character, the state of society, its resulting customs and habits, make the North, the equipoise of the South ; the South, the equipoise of the North. The commerce of the Atlantic, and, now, of the Pacific, is the outlet for the products of the superabundant Valley of the Mississippi ; and greatly depends on their supply, for its prosperity. While, the Middle States, with their solidity, intelligence, and central influence, swing, like the governor in the steam engine, to equalize the motions of the rest. Were there no States, specially commercial, there would be small encouragement for agriculture. The extension of manufactures, throughout the Union, acts as a vinculum, to bind both interests, together : as essential to our commerce, as it is promotive of our agriculture. So wonderfully, has God set one, against another, in our wonderful Republic. Like the compensation pendulum, the contraction, in one material, is the exact equivalent of the expansion in the other ; and the result is perfect time. A world is compassed, in the range of our vast territory. A world, in its vastness and variety. A world, in the junction, which it forms, of the two great oceans, by which the world is washed.

And, now, the other side of the equation. **E PLURIBUS UNUM.** *The many must unite, in one.* What

an absurdity, to think of: as many sovereignties, as there are states! Thirty-one powers, to treat with England, or with France. As many, to be bound to keep the peace; or, else “cry, havoc! and let slip the dogs of war.” It is a thing, not to be contemplated. Nor would it be materially better, if, for thirty-one, we substitute five, three, or two. The rivalries of commerce, the conflicting interests of territory, foreign entanglements, would lead to a perpetual warfare. As many fleets, as many armies, as many diplomatic corps, as there were several sovereignties; what a grievous and unnecessary burden! For the indomitable stars and stripes, which never floated, but in victory, a Northern and a Southern flag; and, soon, by the inevitable law of subdivision, for two, three, five, or seven. No national character, no prestige of history, no ancestral glory. In the past, no pride; for the future, no confidence: how poor, and tame, and spiritless, the prospect! What an exchange, for the silent power of that great empire of the West, which, remote from all the strifes and struggles of the Eastern Continent, controls and sways them all: and, while its being is of the future, rather than of the past, already holds the equilibrium of nations, and the weathergage of the world.

E PLURIBUS UNUM. Mark, for one moment, how amazingly this problem, of a plural unit, is practically worked out, in our amazing Constitution. To every nation, in the world—Japan and China, now, are not exceptions—there must be the foreign and domestic side. The side, which it turns to its own people, for protection, for encouragement, for conso-

lation ; and the side, which it turns to the whole world, beside, for sovereignty and independence : "enemies, in war ; in peace, friends." In our inimitable Union, this is supplied, by the State governments, on the one hand, and, on the other, by the General government. As Jerseymen, as Georgians, as men of Massachusetts, all that is private, individual, domestic, social, in its more immediate and endearing forms, is clustered about New Jersey, Georgia, and Massachusetts ; and sheltered, in their shadow. We live, at home, among our own people. We know each other, all. We grasp each other's hands. We feel each other's hearts. But, when the world is to be met, in commerce, in diplomacy or arms ; when the nation is to rise and rally, at the angel summons of benevolence, or at the clang of the war-trumpet, we are one single people. We are all Americans. There is one country, for us all, with one all comprehending Constitution. One glorious baldric, blazoned with the stars and stripes. One monarch eagle, that, from his eyrie in the Alleghanies, mounts to heaven, with all "the terrors of his beak, and lightning of his eye." One broad and blessed and perpetual union ; the union of our homes and of our hearts; indomitable, impregnable, imperishable : "Independence, now, and Independence, forever."

And are there those, upon whose homes and hearths, this glorious union sheds the blessings of its bow of peace and love and hope, that have the heart, to stop, and calculate its value ? Will they count the stars ? Will they register the pulses of the ocean, as it lashes the bold shore of freedom ? Will they sound

the blue depths of the overarching empyrean ? Will such an one measure his hearth, with a carpenter's rule ? Will he map, for us, the heart-fields of his home ? Is there a value, in arithmetic, for his wife ? Or an algebraic formula, for his children ? There is no such American. There can be no such man. If there were, I would fear to stand with him beneath the arches of the Constitution, lest a rock, from them, should fall, for his destruction ; and involve me, in his just ruin. Were he my son, he should take his feet from off my hearth. And, could he be an alumnus of this College, his Alma Mater would freeze him, with one fierce frown, into perpetual stone. But, no ; it cannot be. The invaluable can no more be calculated, than the infinite be measured. And, second, only, to the blessings, which flow, immediate from the Cross, the benefits, which, by the Union of these States, have been secured to us : and, with God's blessing, on our faithfulness, shall be our heritage, forever.

In this College, next to the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, the Constitution of these United States is carefully expounded and enforced. The birth-day of the Union is the birth-day of the College. The annual recognition of its return exults in its twin blessedness. And, to the hearts of the young men, that shall go out from here, the glorious banner of the stars and stripes will ever bear emblazoned, on its broad and sweeping folds, the precious sign of the all-conquering Cross.

And it must be so, dear friends, if we would keep the blessings, we enjoy. They come to us, from God.

We hold them, at His hands. We can only keep them, with His blessing. It is impossible, that, in an age, like this, and in a country, such as ours, questions and differences should not spring up. It grows inevitably from our "E PLURIBUS." It is inseparable from that which makes the strength and safety of our "UNUM." On the one hand, be not alarmed by them. On the other, neither cherish them, in your own hearts; nor irritate them, in the hearts of others. From the midst of them all, and, far above them all, look up, to the stars of the Union. Remember the fields, where it was asserted. Remember the blood, with which it was sealed. Shall any separate between the plains of Yorktown and the heights of Bunker Hill? Will any cease to be the countrymen of Putnam or of Marion? Will any one consent, that the orbit, in which he revolves, shall not revolve about our central WASHINGTON? Beautiful analogy, between our civil constitution, and the system of the Universe! UNUM, E PLURIBUS, alike the law of both. Each, governed and sustained, alike, by forces, from the centre, and by forces, from the circumference. The rest, the beauty, the comfort, the glory, the perpetuity of both, secured by their mutual reaction; and enjoyed, in that perfect equilibrium, which, in its noiseless and unrippled serenity, perpetuates alike the concord of all the States, and the harmony of all the spheres. That this may ever be so, will depend upon GOD's favour; and, so, upon our prayers. And, in the view of this, and, for its sake, let me commend, to you, who love the Union, and desire its perpetuity, to consecrate it, ever, in

your devotions, before God. From every fireside, as from every altar, let the “Prayer for Congress” rise, from the true heart of Christian patriotism : “that all things may be so ordered, and settled by their endeavours, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us, for all generations.” In the fervent words, in which David’s pious patriotism found utterance, “O, pray, for the peace of Jerusalem ; they shall prosper that love thee : peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces.” “God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof rage and swell ; and though the mountains shake, at the tempest of the same.”

“Sail on, Sail on, O, ship of State,
 “Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !
 “Humanity, with all its fears,
 “With all the hopes of future years,
 “Is hanging, breathless, on thy fate !
 “We know what Master laid thy keel,
 “What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
 “Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
 “What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 “In what a forge and what a heat,
 “Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !
 “Fear not each sudden sound and shock ;
 “’Tis of the wave, and not the rock :
 “’Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 “And not a rent, made by the gale !
 “In spite of rock and tempest roar,

“In spite of false lights on the shore,
“Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea :
“Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
“Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
“Our faith, triumphant, o'er our fears,
“Are all with thee, are all with thee !”—LONGFELLOW.

ODE.

BY JOHN S. LITTELL, ESQ.

READ, AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE DAY, AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE,

4TH JULY, 1854.

We welcome, once more, our Land's natal-day !
 No ominous shadow rests on the clear tide
 That, serenely and oceanward, rolls its calm way,
 First laving, in homage, our green "RIVERSIDE"!*
 The turbulent storm-cloud, that gloom'd on the sight,
 Shall obseure, ne'er again, the clear azure of Heaven;
 But the mild rays of PEACE, with their hallowing light,
 Beam pure, and reviving as zephyr of even !

In the strength that HE gives, who upholds by His care,
 And victory yields to the faithful and true
 Triumphant, through HIM, over every snare,
 We smile on the past, and its trials review.
 For JUSTICE is mighty, and still must prevail;
 And if JERSEY and EXETER stem the rude tide
 Of wrongs, for a season, Truth never shall fail,
 But oppression her head, in confusion, shall hide !

Thus Heav'n, in its love, thro' the foam-crested surges
 That rise, in wild phrenzy, all threat'ning and dark,
 Vouchsafes to reveal, as it proudly emerges,
 The rainbow of Promise, encircling the ARK !
 That Promise, yon Cross, with the Eagle-flag streaming,
 Our trust, and our hope, and our prowess shall be,
 When the foe shall arise, and no beacon-star beaming
 To guide us, victorious, o'er life's stormy sea !

And praise to the MEN, who there cluster'd around him,
 Their Father, their Bishop, their Pilot, and Friend !
 For faithful and wise, thro' the tempest, they found him,
 Courageous, and steadfast, and strong to the end !
 Then honor ! all honor ! devotion and love,
 From hearts ever constant, and loyal and warm,—
 To him who prevail'd, in the strength from ABOVE,
 O'er the surges of of Malice, and "weathered the storm!"

* The Bishop's Residence.



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